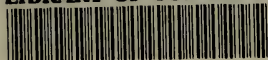


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# ECHOES FROM THE GARRET.



# ECHOES FROM THE GARRET.

✓  
BY CELE SEALY.

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ROCHESTER:

CURTIS, BUTTS & CO., PRINTERS, UNION AND ADVERTISER OFFICE.

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TO  
THE PUBLIC,  
THESE POEMS  
ARE TRUSTFULLY DEDICATED.



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## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE good house-wife her butter sells,  
Although perchance it rather "smells,"  
And often warrants eggs, in heaps,  
When in each shell a chicken peeps.  
The milliner, toward you shoves  
Her hats, and calls them "perfect loves!"  
Dress-makers too, claim praises warm,  
For bettering the human form,  
And even cooks and chambermaids  
Are wont to glorify their trades.

When the mechanic offers wares,  
He in their praise no logic spares,  
And often people buy things new,  
To see if what he says be true.

The thrifty farmer has been known,  
To sell his wheat when it was "grown."  
The merchant, addles women's brains,  
By off'ring satins, silks, delaines,  
French-collars, muslins, plain or cross'd,  
And other things below their cost ;  
They take his goods, he takes their gold :  
(I marvel if they feel inclined  
To laugh, when afterward, they find  
That with the goods *themselves* were sold.)  
But this is by the way, and doubt  
Not, but they would such fancies flout.  
Each branch of labor, puffs its skill,  
In order to "increase the bill,"  
And when I note the vast success,  
Attendant on the puffing stress,  
I sometimes think that gain alone  
Depends upon the "Blarney-stone,"  
And for a space am fiercely took  
With a desire to puff my book.  
But common-sense—best friend to man—  
Is ever by to scout the plan,

And for that reason, when you find  
This book, oh Critic! pray be kind,  
And unto its defects be blind.  
Thou knowest well I do not aim,  
To place my lowly, unknown name,  
By that of gifted knight and dame,  
Within the temple proud of fame;  
Nor word of praise do I desire,  
Save that to which each may aspire,  
Who honestly, with hand, or brain,  
An independence strives to gain,  
And keep his course, though adverse gales,  
Strain mast and spar, and rend his sails,  
And who, no degradation feels,  
Like that which o'er his spirit steals,  
And bows his very soul to dust,  
When the *dependant's* stinted crust  
He's forced to either *eat* or *starve*:  
To such, how pleasant 'tis to carve  
A road, themselves, somewhere in life,  
No matter how beset with strife!  
And day by day, as on they wend,

They bless as benefactor—friend,  
All those who kindly lend one ray,  
To cheer them on their pilgrim-way!



## ECHOES FROM THE GARRET.

---

### MY TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

---

I HAVE two friends, the truest and the best ;  
So true indeed, that oft I ask my heart,  
If I be worthy e'en to say, " my friends !"  
Through them I've learned how rare a thing, is true  
Benevolence ; that benefits conferred  
May fail to burden the recipient.  
When life was dark—a lonely, starless night,  
I went to them in my despair, and cheer'd  
They me ; and not with pleasant-sounding words  
Alone ; but they with generous impulse, gave

Me freely of their store, besides, a trust,  
At once so dear, and grateful to my proud,  
Proud heart, that since, I've only thought how best  
I may deserve it. And, as now disperse  
The clouds, that erst were wont to dim my sky,  
And I step forth in glad sunshine, while Life  
Once more grows fair with purpose, grateful thoughts  
In my heart move, to force its brine from out  
Mine eyes !

The free-born spirit oft rebels  
Against commands that gentleness subdues :  
'Tis not the bids, and threats, of Holy Writ  
That move to contrite thought, and waken us  
To penitence—and Ye, whose mission 'tis  
To teach, do Ye not realize how prone  
Is frail humanity to rise against  
The voice of admonition, when its tone  
Proclaims, " Thank God, I'm not as others are ? "  
Oh Teacher ! but a few words rightly spoken,  
May bring the wandering to the fold : one deed  
Of gentle charity, an erring soul

Reclaim ; and sure thou hast reward, as with  
That deed, Th' Recording Angel from thy page  
Expunges multitudes of minor faults !

---

J A N I E .

---

PALE lilies wake,  
By tangled brake,  
And to zephyrs bow, Janie ;  
But the robe they wear,  
Was never so fair  
As thy beautiful brow, Janie.

By fen and lea,  
And mossy tree,  
The violet lies, Janie ;  
But its bonnie blue,  
Was never so true,  
As thy innocent eyes, Janie.

The lips of shells,  
' Neath ocean-swells,  
Lie gleaming in streaks, Janie ;  
But their rosy shine,  
Was never so fine,  
As the bloom on thy cheeks, Janie.

On ling and brae,  
The sun-beams play,  
And a woof make rare, Janie !  
But their braided light,  
Was never so bright,  
As the waves of thy hair, Janie.

The beck glides o'er  
A nipples floor,  
Of spherical stone, Janie ;  
But its joyous laugh,  
Was never one-half  
So beloved, as thine own, Janie.

The lotus-bloom,  
Now flecks the gloom  
Where Oise's ripples sleep, Janie ;  
But the mourning-dove,  
Sadly calls its love,  
While for thee, lone, I weep, Janie.

Fond thoughts go back,  
O'er life's wan track,  
To show me its buhl, Janie ;  
But its front is mirk,  
For the fancy-work,  
Went like white rime of Yule, Janie.

We dream in youth,  
Of love and truth,  
And a joy life wears, Janie ;  
But maturer years,  
Bring sorrowful tears,  
With regrets and sad cares, Janie.

COUSIN ED.

---

I HAVE missed thee, missed thee badly,  
Cousin Ed ;  
And I wait, and listen sadly  
For thy tread.

Apple blossoms blanch the clover,  
Cousin Ed ;  
Wert thou here, I'd fling them over  
Thy proud head.

Orioles are sweetly singing,  
Cousin Ed ;  
Where the lofty elm tree's swinging  
Branches spread.

Would that thou hadst left a sprinkling,  
Cousin Ed ;  
Of thy *vim*; for mine is sinking  
Like the lead.

Thus contrast the real and seeming,  
Cousin Ed ;  
While thou'rt working, I am dreaming  
On instead.

In the pleasant summer weather,  
Cousin Ed ;  
Side by side, we have together  
Talked and read.

I would hear that old cremona,  
Cousin Ed ;  
O'er " Roy's wife " and " Desdemona,"  
Tears I've shed.

Thee I miss when flowers are blowing,  
Cousin Ed ;  
Miss thee still when Yule-log's glowing  
Fierce and red.

Miss thee, in the pleasant gloaming,  
Cousin Ed ;

When abroad the bat is roaming  
For its bread.

All my thoughts of thee are "manna,"  
Cousin Ed ;  
Cease to miss thee, sure I "canna' "  
Till I'm dead.

---

## THE VOLUNTEER.

---

OH ! where's my black-eyed boy,  
Of whom I was so proud,  
With cheery, boisterous ways,  
And laughter wild and loud ?  
Aye ! where's my black-eyed boy,  
Who left me here in tears  
When our proud nation's chief,  
Made call for Volunteers ?



We parted by the gate,  
Where I am sitting now,  
And, as I held his hand,  
He kissed his mother's brow,  
While, from the arch above,  
He pulled the ivy down,  
And with artistic taste,  
Did weave a vernal crown.

And then in sportive mood,  
He laid it on my hair,  
And vow'd no *maiden* with  
His *mother* could compare.  
He praised my eyes, the while,  
The fond, the flatt'ring boy,  
Said if for him I wept,  
Their beauty 'twould destroy.

And from this very spot,  
I waved a last adieu,  
Until the winding road,  
Quite hid him from my view;

Then enter'd I our home,  
But all seem'd strangely chill,  
As though death had been there  
And left it, cold, and still.

A weary, weary while!——  
To me, 'tis not quite plain  
How long—for grief has made  
Sad havoc with my brain—  
I stood each day beside  
The gate, with ivied arch,  
And dream'd of tented field,  
And fray, and midnight march.

I saw my boy among  
The brave, the bravest there;  
And pray'd to God aloud,  
My only son to spare,—  
To send him back to me,  
E'en as he went away,  
With warm and loving heart,  
And disposition gay.

One eve as thus I stood,  
I heard, far down the street,  
The village band begin  
To play a measure sweet ;  
Near, and more near, it came,—  
That low, and solemn strain—  
And yet, no voice within,  
Warned me of coming pain.

It nearer came—it ceased—  
The village band fell back—  
Six men came through the gate,  
And with them—*something black !*  
They sat their burden down,  
The sable pall upraised,  
And then, with tearless eyes,  
Upon my boy I gazed.

There lay my black-eyed boy,  
Of whom I was so proud,  
Not strong in life and health,  
But stiffen'd in his shroud.

I gave no sign ; my grief  
Was far too deep for tears ;  
But then and there I bow'd  
As if with weight of years.

I questioned not a soul,  
How this thing came about,  
But heard as in a dream—  
“ Took sick upon the route.”  
Thus, thus, my boy had died,  
His glad, black eyes grew dim,  
And no fond mother near,  
To breathe a prayer with him.

Had I been by his side,  
Or held him on my breast,  
Had wiped his fever'd brow,  
My lips to his had press'd,  
My heart would not have broke :  
But now—ah well !—I know  
That in those lonely nights,  
He miss'd his mother so.

Oh, Politicians ! this  
And worse, is your vile work ;  
Scarce better 'tis, than that  
Of poison, or of dirk.  
To satisfy your greed  
We pay a horrid price—  
The *gains* are all for *you*,  
And *ours*, the *sacrifice*.

If Heav'n is Heav'n, one day  
A reck'ning will be made,  
And dire will be the fate of those  
Who such a part have play'd ;  
Who have, for greed or lust,  
Aroused to deadly strife,  
Fell passions, which would else,  
Have slumbered on thro' life.

The North, the South, to me,  
\* All places are the same !  
My mother-tears have quench'd  
The patriotic flame.

They say that I am crazed,  
And that my speech is wild,  
They err ; I only grieve,  
For my young victim-child.

They talk of Spartan dames—  
Of their endurance prate,  
Their stern, heroic deeds,  
They bid me emulate.  
But Oh ! I'm only strong  
To love ! And all I had  
To love, in this wide world,  
Was my dear, black-eyed lad.

I miss my black-eyed boy,  
Of whom I was so proud,  
With cheery, boisterous ways,  
And laughter, wild and loud.  
Throughout the weary day,  
I sit me by the gate,  
But for my black-eyed boy,  
In vain, in vain, I wait !

H A U N T E D .  

---

A VOICE resounds from mystic depths,  
    With solemn calls,  
And sighs from viewless throngs vibrate  
    Within my walls.

Eyes through the ebon darkness, peer  
    With rubric glow ;  
And chill the air, as charnel mist,  
    Or graves below.

A fleshless finger cleaves apart  
    The mystic gloom,  
And 'graves in lurid characters  
    The words of doom.

Plain, on the tablet of the night  
    The lines appear ;  
I read, I understand, and thrill  
    With awful fear.

The fiat tells—my soul is doomed  
To roam through space ;  
To know throughout Eternity  
No rest—no place.

That fitful, through the awful void,  
In lonely woe,  
Will wander, my lamenting voice,  
And none to know.

But thou well knowest, Heber, why  
I'm thus exiled ;  
'Tis not that thou art keeping  
My death-white child—

Not that thy grave is dripping o'er,  
With wild, wet sleet—  
Not that a broken marble shaft  
Lies at thy feet—

But, from thy sepulchre I sought  
To roll the stone ;  
To press thee with a warm embrace—  
Once more, mine own.



By moonlight's weird and pallid gleam  
I came to thee,  
And night-birds from the cypress bough  
Did welcome me.

I broke the slender, gleaming shaft  
Above thy head,  
And tore the vernal covering  
From thy low bed.

I threw aside, with bleeding hands,  
The cold, damp mould,  
And joyed to think my treasures soon  
I should behold.

Behold my winsome Heber, there,  
Low, quiet hid,  
Beside my wee, wan baby, 'neath  
The coffin-lid.

But in alarm the night-bird shrieked,  
And thro' the gloom  
A shadowy throng assembled  
Around the tomb.

And quick they filled the hollow up  
My hands had scooped,  
Then piled the broken marble, where  
The cypress drooped.

And then they brought me here, to list  
To haunting sighs ;  
To see for e'er the fitful gleam  
Of wild, weird eyes ;

To watch with fearful wonder, while  
The fleshless hand  
Engraves upon the front of night  
Its lurid brand.

---

TO FANNY FERN.

---

THOUGH I never saw thee, Fanny,  
And I know not whether thou,  
Summers few hast seen, or many,  
To thy genius, low I bow.

I have wonder'd if thy tresses  
Were of dark, or flaxen hue,  
If thy aspect prepossesses,  
As thy vig'rous lessons do.

I have wished to ken the color,  
Of thy e'er-observant eyes,  
But should love them, were they duller  
Than the hue of polar skies.

I would ask no greater blessing,  
In this world of woe and care,  
Than to know myself possessing,  
Of thy earnest love a share.

Often when oppress'd with sorrow,  
To thy thoughts I gladly turn,  
And much consolation borrow  
From the words of Fanny Fern.

May thy life, while earth thou graceth,  
Evermore be fair and bright,  
And friends bless thee, till God placeth  
On thy brow a crown of light.

F A I T H L E S S .  

---

I HAD a friend, so dear to me, I gave  
Her all my heart, nor kept so much as one  
Small room, wherein to harbor other loves.  
Her grace and goodness, were the theme of all  
My thoughts ; the matin and the vesper of  
My ev'ry day. And Oh, how beautiful  
My Ada was ! In motion, free and glad  
As are the curves of murm'ring Oise ; to look  
Upon, as fine and fragile as the stem  
Of white pond-lily ; while her eyes were like  
The midnight skies, so solemn in their depths,  
That oft, as I within them look'd, my heart  
Grew chill, as if some spirit ministrant,  
From realms of the Invisible, did seek  
With mystic awe, to make my mind surcease  
Its bootless quest for lore forbidden. O'er  
Her brow, were heavy braids of silken hair,  
Not ebon-black, but dusky as the wild  
Moor-pigeon's wing ; and sweeter was her breath  
Than inner leaves of oleander bloom.

My heart still grieves for Ada lost. And yet  
She lives ; no mound the ashes of my friend  
Inurns ; no weeping-willow waves above  
Her final resting-place ; no wild-wood bird  
Her requiem sings ; but ah, *she died to me !*  
I call'd when waves of sorrow compass'd round  
On ev'ry side, but she was deaf to all  
My sadden'd wail. Misfortune's crucible,  
Had proved my valued gem a bauble, void  
Of worth.

No resurrection-promise lights  
The tomb of buried love ; and yet, 'tis not  
Unheeded, for we place around and o'er  
It, all the blooms that mem'ry loves so well  
To store, and with enjoyment of their sweets,  
We lethe oft the fetid spring that gave  
Them nutriment.

H A R V E S T   H Y M N .

---

THE pleasant harvest time has come,  
The wheat is bowing low,  
I hear the reapers' busy hum  
As through the fields I go,  
And thoughts of thankfulness arise,  
As I look on the grain,  
To God, who dwells beyond the skies,  
Who gives the summer rain,  
The frosts, and gentle dews of night,  
The bleak November storm,  
The drifts of snow, so pure and white,  
And sun-beams bright and warm ;  
Yes, thankful thoughts, arise to Heaven,  
As nature's works I scan,  
And think of all the blessings given,  
Unsparingly to man.  
To me it doth the lesson teach,  
That when to chaos hurl'd  
Is earth, my soul will farther reach,  
Than harvest of the world !

Oh! may my life be such while here,  
That when that day comes round,  
I'll leave my grave without a fear,  
And not be "wanting" found;  
And may my songs of praise arise  
Above the crash of thunders,  
As I ascend beyond the skies,  
To blissful land of wonders.

---

## DISAPPOINTMENT.

---

WHY are we forever yearning,  
Why to eerie dreams inclin'd;  
Why for ever—ever turning  
Over plans, with hope to find  
Something that may smooth the creases,  
Time hath left upon the heart—  
Something pain to ease—that ceases  
Nevermore its sullen smart?

Why is thought for ever straying,  
Back to former scenes of bliss?  
Why the past for ever weighing,  
With our present happiness?  
Is it that our hearts are purer,  
Ere we pass the porch of life,  
That our joys are sweeter, surer,  
Ere they're marr'd by worldly strife?

Is it that we vainly listen  
For a well remember'd voice,  
That has passed from earth to heaven,  
With the angels to rejoice?  
Is it that each promise cherish'd  
In our youth, has passed away,  
That our early hopes have perish'd  
Like the blossoms of a day?

Disappointment dire and grievous,  
Ever will our hopes erase,  
Who are dearest, will deceive us,  
Like the phantoms that we chase;



And the lofty aspirations,  
That we nursed in early youth,  
Prove to be fair, false creations,  
Too well clothed to be the truth.

---

## THE SLAVE GIRL.

---

MILLIE stood in the moon-light,  
Beside her cabin door,  
And looks of desolation,  
Her darkened features wore.

Her sable brethren slumbered  
Upon their pallets rude,  
And in bright dreams of home-land  
Their wasted strength renew'd.

But why from Millie's eye-lids,  
Hath balmy slumber flown ?  
Why stands she in the moon-light,  
By her cabin door alone ?

She's fair, as mid-night starry :

The silken tresses wave,

Upon a brow and bosom,

Too lovely for a slave.

The master loves the slave girl,

But loves and woos by stealth :

How vast are his possessions !

And she is of his wealth.

He must not wed poor Millie,

'Twould stain his ancient name,

But he will love and cherish,

Forever, just the same.

Oh Master ! proud and wealthy ;

Oh Master ! bold and free !

Your love is for a season,

Her's for Eternity.

And Millie sees the issue—

Desertion, woe and gloom ;

And there resolves to open,

The portal of the tomb.

She lifts her eyes to Heaven,  
And lowly breathes a prayer,  
That strength to her be given,  
The pangs of death to dare.

She'll meet him once—once only,  
By glassy Leman's shore ;—  
Meet him beneath the willow,  
Where they have met before.

Away to silvery Leman,  
She hastes with noiseless feet,  
But in the stead of lover,  
Low, spirit-voices greet.

The master sought for Millie,  
His gentle star-eyed slave,  
Far o'er the woods and meadows,  
And down by Leman's wave.

He found her by the water,  
All cold, in death's embrace,  
And made her grave by moon-light,  
Close by the trysting place.

## "COONING."

---

It was a sultry harvest day,  
The leaves scarce moved upon the trees,  
And "Bold" and "Watch," the coon-dogs lay,  
Within the shadows, biting fleas;  
Instead of bird-song sweet and blithe,  
Was heard the locust's sleepy note,  
And clang of reaper's whetted scythe,  
Upon the still air seem'd to float.  
I then was young—but in my teens—  
And sat beside aunt Betty Skinner,  
As she was looking over "greens,"  
And shelling "marrowfats" for dinner;  
Between-whiles telling me, in tone  
Made husky, by the intense heat,  
How many coons her "Ike" alone,  
Had safely chased to their retreat;  
And "how to dry, last year" said "Ike,  
Nail'd skins upon the barn about,  
Until it look'd to her just like  
Some mighty beast turn'd inside out;"

And I'd began to nod with sleep,  
While Betty's voice narrated still,  
When with a baying loud and deep,  
The coon-dogs ran below the hill.  
(Now Ike had coon-distemper bad,  
And both of us, ere we suspected,  
By frequent converse with the lad,  
Became, in short, somewhat "infected"—)  
"A coon! a coon!" aunt Betty cried,  
"Put down that dish, child, come with me,  
A monster coon the dogs have spied,  
And soon they'll run him up a tree."  
I sprang, the peas fell from my lap  
To disappear thro' holes and cracks,  
But while she frowned at my mishap,  
"Bet" seized a quilt-frame, I the axe,  
And down the hill, we thus equipped,  
Made haste to meet the yelping dogs,  
When my two feet beneath me slipped,  
And I fell prone between the logs.  
"The goose-nest's there, you little wretch!"  
Aunt Betty screamed as by she rushed,

Alas! the truth she did not stretch,  
For ev'ry egg within was crush'd.  
But after her, with merry bound,  
Toward the tall, slim, hollow stump,  
I hasted, as each deep-voiced hound  
Grew frantic quite, with howl and jump.  
" 'Tis not worth while to cut this down,"  
Aunt Betty said, " until we know  
The coon's inside: Tuck up your gown  
And climb, while I watch here below."  
I glanced down at my feet; the feat  
Of climbing I did well: and ere  
Fair spoken were the words, took seat  
Atop the stump, and 'gan to peer  
Down through the hollow tube, when far  
From out the darkness shone two eyes,  
Both round and bright as any star  
That sails athwart the midnight skies.  
" He's here," I cried, " and here I'll stay  
While there below with axe you thwack,  
And if he moves to come this way,  
I'll raise a din to send him back."

Thus, like old Warsaw's champion, I  
Survey'd a ruin from my height,  
Nor when the chips began to fly  
Did Betty see my dang'rous plight,  
And soon the old stump, half decay'd,  
Bent o'er one side beneath my weight,  
Then suddenly, still farther sway'd,  
And with me 'gan to gravitate;  
But as I whizz'd down through air,  
And in the sticky bog fell pat,  
I heard aunt Betty's "do declare!  
'Tis nothing but our old black cat."  
Since then, I've met and pass'd my prime,  
O'er disappointment learn'd to croon,  
For that is not the only time,  
That I have hunted *cat* for *coon*.

---

TOO L A T E.

---

ON a grassy knoll,  
I found, when a child,

A beautiful bud  
Alone, growing wild.  
Through the rich, dark green  
Profusely o'erspread,  
I caught a bright gleam  
Of its petals red.  
I'll see it, I thought,  
When its leaves ope wide :  
I went, but gone by  
Was its hour of pride ;  
And essay'd its leaves  
To the stem to mate,  
As with tearful voice  
I murmur'd, too late !

And later in years,  
A treasure complete,  
The gift of a heart  
Was laid at my feet ;  
But mine had grown old  
With the world's sad strife,  
And its cares had brush'd



All the bloom from life.  
I could not exchange  
For a gem unused,  
But a worthless thing,  
All time-worn, and bruised,  
So I put one side  
The boon, all too great,  
And wail'd in my heart,  
Too late, ah! too late!

---

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE.

---

I AM thinking to-night of the old brown house,  
Where the days of my youth were spent,  
Of the time when forth from its sheltering roof,  
A light-hearted maiden, I went:  
I am thinking with tears, of the days gone by;  
I sigh for the hopes that are o'er,  
And yearn like an exile, to press to my lips,  
One flower from the vine o'er the door.

I once look'd with contempt on the old brown house  
And wish'd it more lofty and grand,  
But 'twould now be more dear than a stately home  
By architect skillfully plann'd;  
E'en its storm-beaten windows, so plain, I'd prize  
Where lovers and friends have oft sat,  
While the broad circled face of the moon look'd in,  
And approved of the gleesome chat.

And the blossoms that grew by the old brown house,  
O'er walls, and the fences between,  
Seem more beautiful now than th' rarest display,  
Of exotics, I ever have seen.  
The dear old brown house is still there in its place,  
But strangers have long call'd it home;  
While a voice in my heart hymns a sad refrain,  
Like shells from the briny sea-foam.

## THE MIDNIGHT DIRGE.

---

I SUDDENLY from slumber started,  
And ev'ry nerve was strained to-hear,  
A sound the midnight silence parted,  
And filled my heart with quick'ning fear.  
What was it, o'er the hush prevailing?  
I knew it erst—a solemn dirge,  
Throughout the aisles of night, its wailing  
Arose and fell like ocean-surge.

Why, why, upon the midnight hoary,  
Have ye that solemn anthem flung?  
Were it but strain of martial glory,  
A mother's heart would not be wrung.  
Oh ye! who through this war's commotion,  
Have for a son or brother pray'd,  
Can tell how deep it stirs emotion,  
To hear a dirge at midnight play'd.

Ah! if doubt rends in this dread fashion,  
Reality would seal despair;

But, Father, God ! thou hast compassion  
And know'st how much the heart can bear ;  
Protect my boy from climate rigor,  
From whistling balls through battle's rage ;  
Return him safe in health and vigor,  
The staff and stay of my old age.

---

A P O E M.

---

WE'RE wont to wreathe our lips in smiles,  
Although the heart within is drear ;  
To speak in careless, jesting tones,  
E'en while the bitter, pent-up tear  
Is driven back within its source,  
To burn, and press upon the brain,  
While simulation vainly strives  
To hide the ruthless, gnawing pain.

The heart will shrink mimosa-like  
From touch of coarse or callous hand,

But wounds are quick at healing when  
Probed by affection's gentle wand.

'Tis sweet to lean the weary head  
Upon a kind, confiding breast ;  
To speak our griefs in loving ears  
And sob our cares to peaceful rest.

The true, true friends are few indeed,  
Who gladden us while here on earth,  
But far away in brighter spheres,  
Where ransom'd spirits claim new birth,  
Man learns to judge his brother man,  
Not by his gold and tinsel show,  
But by his noble, gen'rous heart,  
And feeling's sympathetic glow.

Ephemeral are all our joys,  
As summer's idly-passing breeze ;  
Few grasp the sparkles on life's cup,  
But many, many quaff its lees.  
Yet oft delicious dreams of rest,  
Steal o'er our souls before they're call'd,  
Renewing youth, as do the gales,  
On breezy heights of Bohmerwald.

E M M A .

---

HAVE you seen my sister Emma,  
With her little doggie "Prince?"  
They went out one morn together,  
And we ne'er have seen them since—  
Where the tasseled corn was nodding,  
And the pumpkin vines were green,  
Picking off the yellow blossoms,  
Little Emma last was seen.

Bobolinks are filling ether,  
With a happy, rhythmic talk,  
And the yellow-bird is swinging  
On the tufted mullen-stalk.  
Bumblebees amid the clover,  
Drone and toil with vast pretence,  
And the rubric-crested wood-bird,  
Drums upon the old rail-fence.

But my little sister Emma,  
She, who loved the wild-birds so,

Went away one summer morning,  
Where, alas! we do not know.  
Mother's roses were in blossom,  
Forest trees in darkest prime,  
When we miss'd her—when she left us  
In the pleasant summer time.

Will you look for sister Emma  
In the city's crowded street?  
Will you sometimes try to trace her  
Weary, little, wandering feet?  
You may know her by the doggie,  
By her laughter blithe and sweet,  
By her tresses that were golden  
As the ready-ripened wheat.

When I hear the watch-dog howling,  
And the death-watch by my bed;  
When I hear the rain-drops falling  
On the roof above my head;

When I hear the cricket singing,  
By the embers on my hearth ;  
Then I think of little Emma,  
And my heart for her has dearth.

---

## THE CHILD OF THE WAVES.

---

FAR away on the stormy coast,  
Of bleak Labrador,  
Where the northern Atlantic wails  
A dirge evermore,  
Tells the seaman of phantom maid,  
More fair than the light,  
That alone o'er the wave glides by,  
In ne'er-ceasing flight.

But the weird, lonely wraith tells him,  
That danger is nigh ;  
And he crosses his brow in awe,  
As fast it flits by.



Then the sun sinks beneath the main,  
In rubric garb dress'd,  
Casting lurid and wan lights o'er  
Old ocean's dark breast.

Afar off, sullen moans are heard,  
Then follow shrieks high,  
While the clouds, big with coming storm,  
Make dark sea and sky.  
But thanks, thanks, to the wand'ring child,  
The white little waif,  
The prepared ship outrides the gale,  
The mariner's safe.

On, on, on, flies the sea-foam maid,  
But rest cannot find—  
And the shadowy robes, cloud-like,  
Stream forth on the wind.  
From the pale, gleaming brow, the light,  
Wavy tresses are thrown,  
As she speeds to a bourne unseen,  
Forever alone.

When the rage of the tempest breaks,  
She waves to and fro,  
Spray-wash'd branches of ocean-weed,  
From caverns below ;  
Then with speed of a sea-gull, steps  
O'er mountainous waves,  
But no echo the deep gives back—  
'Tis still, as are graves.

Was the home of this death-white maid,  
Where nightingales sing ?  
Where the seasons unite to form  
A summer and spring ?  
Tell me whence came she, mariner—  
“ Marie, as God saves !  
The green earth never claim'd her ; she's  
The child of the waves.”

I N V O C A T I O N .

---

COME hence to the forest,  
Where wild birds are singing ;  
Come hence to the forest,  
Its monarchs are flinging  
Their shadows o'er blossoms  
Too pure for the day :  
Come hence to the forest,  
With me, come away.

Come hence to the forest,  
Where silence is reigning,  
Except when the voice  
Of the wind is complaining ;  
Or, we are saluted  
By bird-warbles sweet,  
Or grasshopper's burr,  
'Mid brake at our feet.

Come hence to the forest,  
And sit in the shade,

Of ven'erable oaks  
    With moss overlaid,  
The cloud-rift is high,  
    And heaven as blue  
As eyes of a maiden,  
    I long ago knew.

Come hence to the forest,  
    Yes, come with me there—  
The thistle-down floats,  
    Like breath thro' the air,  
The mandrake's umbrella,  
    Is spread green and wide,  
As cunningly trying  
    Its treasure to hide.

Come hence to the forest,  
    Its deep-tinted bloom,  
Is rarer than fabric  
    Of famed Persian loom.

Come hence to the forest,  
    Jehovah seems nearer,  
And mem'ry of those  
    Who've gone to Him, dearer.

J U L I A .

---

'Tis the hour of midnight, Julia,  
    Belfry chimes proclaim its birth,  
But my wakeful watch will lengthen,  
    Till the shadows flee from earth.  
Oft I fancy that I plainly  
    Hear the heart of nature throb,  
As the ever-roaming night winds,  
    Fitful through the branches sob.

I am from thee severed widely,  
    But I rest my faith in thee ;  
Didst thou fail me, where for comfort,  
    In the wide world, could I flee ?  
Still I feel the gentle pressure,  
    Of thy hand upon my head,  
When the phantoms of weird fancy,  
    Mock me with a presence dread.

Dearest, man's regard is ever  
    Insecure as crater-crust,

Yet, I rest on thy affection,  
With a perfect love and trust.  
Oh! how sweet, to feel that one heart  
Throbs responsive to our own—  
Comforted with such assurance,  
One can ne'er feel quite alone.

How we mourn our shivered idols,  
And our lost faith in the world,  
When we see the fondly worshipped,  
From their proud pedestals hurled.  
Oh, those idols! How the woman  
In us loves to homage pay:  
How we grieve when nature proves them,  
After all but sordid clay.

Let the stoic and the skeptic  
Speak with proud impatient scorn,  
Still the inner heart of woman  
Knows that love is Heaven-born.  
To adorn her habitation,  
Taste and wealth may lend their charms,

But her truest home, forever,  
Is the clasp of loving arms.

May upon thy young head lightly  
Rest the crown of womanhood,  
And thy pathway be profusely  
Strewn with all things bright and good.  
May thy tender, brown eyes, dearest,  
Ne'er be dimmed with burning tears,  
But a fond appreciation  
Bless thee in thy coming years.

---

### MORNING.

---

How fair, the morning smile of earth,  
How pure and bright its beams,  
When lighting up with joyousness,  
The valleys, hills, and streams ;  
Nor courtly robe was ever deck'd  
With jewels half so fair,

As those that sparkling, shining lie,  
On nature's em'rald hair.

It seems as though each morn we hail  
A new creation's dawn,  
So fragrant is the air we breathe  
Ere early mists have gone.  
'Tis sweet as breath of wild moor-bee,  
Just waken'd from repose,  
When all the long, long night it steals  
The honey from the rose.

Harmonious are nature's works,  
Complete in all their parts,  
While we, her children, view the same  
With discord in our hearts.  
We try to smile when gladness reigns  
O'er water, sky and earth,  
But ah! we feel that ours is but  
A cold, fictitious mirth.

A strange, strange thing, the human heart,  
How finely strung its chords;



To send forth music, sad or sweet,  
As tuned by acts and words.  
The brightest sky a cloud will dim,  
A frown the heart make sad,  
But like the sun when not obscured,  
Smiles bless and make us glad.

Though now we vainly look for rest,  
It waits us in the grave,  
Beyond the borders of the world,  
Beside the silent wave.  
The fetters there will be cast off,  
That bind the spirit here ;  
The right and wrong no more conflict,  
But both distinct appear.

---

### THE BARD OF OISE.

---

THOUGH thou in distant land doth roam,  
And dark waves roll between,

Thou wilt not soon forget thy home,  
Nor early friends, I ween ;  
For well I know thy faithful heart,  
Will youthful mem'ries cherish,  
Amid the mines and busy mart :  
With bard they never perish.

Did gentle hope to southern clime,  
Its pleasant smile transmit ?  
Doth peace o'er thee with vesper chime  
Steal pure as Holy Writ ?  
Although thou art far hence from here,  
New friends thy heart rejoice—  
Home's fond, fond scenes, will e'er be dear  
To thee—the Bard of Oise.

My childhood's friend, thou sure must ken,  
Thy mother's heart with joy  
Will beat in happy moment, when  
She welcomes home her boy.  
A brighter home thou ne'er wilt find  
Than that on Oise's green shore,

Then hasten to thy mother kind,  
And cheer her heart once more.

When forest leaves begin to wither,  
And autumn's flowers are gone,  
Oh, then my friend, pray hasten hither,  
And comfort her so lone.

No longer now for golden sand  
In California linger,  
For school-day friends would grasp the hand  
Of dark Oise's sweetest singer.

---

### JOEY.

---

AYE, Joey, dost thou love me, Joe?  
Sometimes I marvel whether  
The fond, fond flatt'ry you bestow  
Is even worth a feather;  
For any man would praise my hair,  
My cheeks fine peach-bloom glow,

Or love the sweet of lips<sup>••</sup> so rare—

Aye, Joey, wouldn't he, Joe?

Aye, Joey, thou wilt love me, Joe,

While gay my voice with laughter,

And fresh the bloom that men praise so,

But how in the hereafter?

When coming care my brow shall shade,

Turn white my locks like snow,

And all the glowing, warm tints fade,

Then, Joey, how then, Joe?

Aye, Joey, dost thou love me, Joe?

Thin clouds above are forming,

And though the morn is fair, you know

Ere night it may be storming.

E'en thus it is with human life,

None are exempt from woe,

And when my season comes of strife,

Then, Joey, love me, Joe!

## THERE IS A PLACE IN MEMORY.

---

THERE is a place in memory,  
My heart keeps ever warm,  
'Tis pleasant in the summer-time,  
Or 'mid the winter's storm.  
'Tis there where first I learned to love,  
And its bright dreams to chase :  
You 've viewed it oft with careless eyes,  
Do you think you know the place ?

There is a time in memory  
I never can forget,  
For often in my midnight dreams  
I live it over yet :  
Ah ! then methinks my heart did find  
A brighter, warmer clime  
Than that which fostered early years :  
Do you think you know the time ?

There is a name in memory,  
That trembles on my lips,

'Tis precious though as summer flowers  
Whence th' wild-bee honey sips;  
Speak it quick, and truant blood  
Goes dancing through my frame :  
I love it more than household words—  
Do you think you know the name?

There is a form in memory,  
A brave, a noble one,  
And to it still I fondly turn  
As sun-flower to the sun.  
And oh, that form enwraps a heart  
All loving, true and warm !  
I'd not forget it if I could—  
Do you think you know the form?

And there are words in memory,  
That make me strong and brave,  
Thrilling my heart with rapture wild,  
Like music on the wave.  
They're soft and gentle as the morn,  
As sweet as song of birds,  
And deep in centre of my heart—  
Do you think you know the words?

## IN MEMORIAM.

---

DEATH touched me with his wing, dear Ben,  
The fount of life grows chill,  
And soon they'll lay me down to sleep,  
'Neath maples on the hill.  
You know the blue-bird used to come  
To those old maples first,  
And sweetest blooms we gathered, Ben,  
On that hill's side were nursed.

From dreary scenes of exile, Ben,  
I crossed the heaving seas,  
That I might wander once again  
'Neath those wide-spreading trees.  
And as the past comes back to me,  
On wings of golden hue,  
It almost seems to me as if  
I had come back to you.

Is the old roof forgotten, Ben,  
The river's quiet flow ;

Do you not sometimes see them, Ben,  
As you did long ago ?  
Do pleasures half so sweet, dear Ben,  
Within your castle wait,  
As those we shared together once  
'Neath th' lilacs by the gate ?

I'm glad that I am dying, Ben,  
I've mourned for you so long ;  
And I grieve not the less, to know  
My grief for you is wrong.  
But life has never smiled, dear Ben,  
Since strangers praised your bride,  
And pleasure cannot brood for me  
When exiled from your side.

'Tis just nine years ago, dear Ben,  
Since you went o'er the main ;  
Then little thought I ne'er to see,  
Your bonnie face again.  
My eyes were blue as June skies, Ben,  
My tresses brown all over ;



And you said oft my cheeks were red  
As blossoms on the clover.

But now they're like the snow-wreath, Ben,  
My hair is streak d with gray,  
And th' bright blue of my eyes, dear Ben,  
Grows dusker day by day,  
Yet katy-dids are singing now  
As in that olden time ;  
Ere thou went forth to dwell in land  
Of orange, fig, and lime.

Moon-beams rest on the vine-wreath'd home,  
And play upon its sill ;  
I hear the susurous rhythm, Ben,  
Of the maples on the hill.  
The old, old pain has left my heart,  
I thrill with strange delight,  
Because thy spirit keeps with me  
The watches of to-night.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF GEDDES.

---

Not far from Onondaga's strand,  
The ruins of a farm-house stand :  
The chimneys gone—the roof broke in,  
And owl and bat make nightly din,  
As though disputing for the spoil  
When flit they through the ivy's coil.  
And yet I felt, when I surveyed  
Its massive front but half decayed,  
The high well-sweep still poisoning near,  
And fragrant orchard in the rear,  
With grounds well blanched with blossom-drift,  
That it was erst the home of thrift.  
And once, beside the broken gate,  
I heard a friendly voice narrate  
A tale, explaining why thus fate  
Had left the old house desolate.

One Christmas eve Helena Wild,  
The wealthy farmer's only child,  
With all the "pomp and circumstance"

Those early times could well advance,  
Was wedded to a city knight,  
Who came to claim a husband's right,  
Forevermore to have and hold  
The "ewe-lamb" of the farmer's fold.  
His mettled steed stood in the stall,  
The wolf-robcs hung upon the wall,  
For soon as e'er the dancing ceased,  
And disappeared the surpliced priest,  
The knight intended with his bride,  
Across the frozen lake to ride,  
And on his homeward route be far,  
Ere vanished quite the morning star.

The old roof rang with song and mirth,  
The blaze leaped high upon the hearth,  
From unscreened panes its breadth of light  
Gleamed out upon the Christmas night,  
While over-head the mistletoe  
Reflected back its ruddy glow,  
And th' holly-branches gently swayed,  
In th' fitful breeze the dancers made.

Among the blithe, the blithest there,  
Was aye the bride, Helena fair—  
Bright, bright her eye, with happy glance,  
Her feet the fleetest in the dance,  
And proudly the young husband smiled,  
As watched he how she hearts beguiled:  
But as she moved a jest to speak,  
Grew white and wan with fear her cheek,  
Her step was stay'd, eyes opened wide,  
As though some strange, strange thing they spied,  
And then in ringing tones, and clear,  
*Hush ! hush !* fell on each startled ear.  
The guests in silence waited round,  
Unconscious of weird sight or sound,  
While on *her* ear arose and fell,  
The cadence of a funeral knell,  
And 'tween its pauses strains more sweet  
Than mortal ears are wont to greet,  
Until at last it died away,  
And consciousness resumed its sway.  
“ Oh ! husband,” fair Helena said,  
“ It was a warning from the dead,

Await thou here until the night  
Gives place once more to morning light."  
But, as he kissed away her tears,  
And chided her for silly fears,  
He led her to the jaunty sleigh,  
And fleetly drove from thence away.

The frost-work shone like crystal bright,  
Beneath the full moon's solemn light,  
And th' prancing steed sped on its way,  
With jingling bells—impatient neigh,  
As nestling to her husband's breast,  
The young wife softly sank to rest,  
Forgetting in the fond embrace,  
The fears his words could not efface.  
Oh wak'ning dire! With sudden break  
In caved the ice. Within the lake,  
The noble beast with effort vain,  
Strived long a footing firm to gain,  
Then sank beneath a watery tomb,  
With fair young bride and gallant groom.

Throughout that winter, by the fire,  
The comely matron and the sire  
Bemoaned, because their "little girl"  
Forgot, amid the city's whirl,  
To send one message back to bless  
The old hearts in their loneliness.  
But when the spring with pleasant grace,  
Breathed kisses on old Winter's face,  
And "Sol" came forth with ardent beams  
To loose the bands that held the streams,  
A small trunk floated on the wave,  
To tell where slept the fair and brave.  
The frost a mystic charm had spread,  
To save the beauty of the dead,  
And when they brought them forth, all cold,  
The bridegroom looked as glad and bold,  
As in that fatal, fatal hour,  
When scoffed he at the warning power;  
And on the cheek of the young wife  
A bloom still rested as in life.

When afterward death came to free

The hearts beneath the old roof-tree,  
'Twas left to gather damp and dust,  
And fall beneath decay and rust ;  
For folk oft say on Christmas night,  
The old rooms gleam with solemn light,  
And that the air around is filled  
With notes no earthly voice e'er trilled.

---

## C O R A   E A R L E .

---

A SWEET little girl is fair Cora Earle,  
With bloom like the "flower o'er the peach,"  
With teeth pure as shells that eddying swells  
Cast forth from the surf to the beach ;  
With brow gleaming white, as snow from a height,  
Around which her dark tresses curl,  
And you may look far but ne'er find a star,  
To compare with my sweet Cora Earle.

Like bird of the spring, she's e'er on the wing,  
But lowly her flight, although fleet,  
For all the day long, with glad, happy song,  
Glide swiftly the two little feet.  
More joyous by half, is her light-hearted laugh  
Than even the brooklet's low purl,  
And sure if I live, some day I shall give  
My heart to the fair Cora Earle.

---

### THE SACHEM'S FAREWELL.

---

FAREWELL, dark Oise, farewell hill-side,  
Farewell, ye meadows, spreading wide ;  
Farewell, tall monarchs, plumy crested,  
Beneath your shade I oft have rested ;  
Ye have beheld my boyhood's plays,  
And watched my steps to manhood's days ;  
Have seen in sacred burial-grounds,  
The tall wheat wave o'er rifled mounds ;



Have seen my scattered tribe depart  
With spirit bowed and breaking heart ;  
Passing away with noiseless tread,  
From ancient homes and buried dead,  
To find a spot whereon to rest,  
Till white men drive them farther west.

Opecchee, too, must bid farewell,  
To spot where sleeps his "wild Gazelle,"  
No more, alas! thy Sachem's head  
Will rest upon thy grassy bed ;  
One thought alone exults my heart,  
As thus I'm called from thee to part.  
I've dug thy grave down deep! deep! deep!  
Where white man's plow can never creep :  
Thy bones will never meet his eye,  
Nor all unburied bleaching lie,  
When I am far in distant clime.  
Opecchee mourns ; 'tis the last time  
Beneath these shades, the breeze so mild,  
Will fan the brow of the forest child.

I kiss the spot—a last farewell !

My love—my bride—my “ wild Gazelle ! ”

---

A FANTASY.

---

I SAVED my Bold

From waters cold,

And me doth he love, ha ! ha !

For together we howl

When the thunders growl,

And the fork'd light'nings play above, ha ! ha !

Beside the shore,

Where breakers roar,

I wandered alone, ha ! ha !

And a mermaid with comb

Uprose from the foam,

And to me spake with silvery tone, ha ! ha !

List! list! I'll tell  
What then befell,  
As black grew the sky, ha! ha!  
And the mermaiden dove,  
To a coral grove,  
And the winds tossed the waves on high, ha! ha!

'Twas there my "Bold"  
A ring of gold  
Gave me on that day, ha! ha!  
And it shone like a gem  
From a diadem—  
A beautiful gift from the spray, ha! ha!

And ah! dog Bold,  
That ring of gold,  
Nigh cost thee a bed, ha! ha!  
Where the mermaiden's sing  
And gleefully swing,  
On the reefs of the coral red, ha! ha!

Poor Bold—poor boy!  
The waves destroy,  
But thee did I wrest, ha! ha!  
By thy long shaggy mane  
From th' billowy plain,  
And warm'd thee to life on my breast, ha! ha!

Yet wayward Bold,  
Thou ne'er hast told,  
From whence came that hand, ha! ha!  
That wee thing, severed, cold,  
That fell from thy hold,  
As lifted I thee to the strand, ha! ha!

How wee and fair,  
With fingers bare,  
Save one little ring, ha! ha!  
And its mystical twist,  
Had the salt wave kissed,  
Till it seemed to the hand to cling, ha! ha!

But fateful Bold,  
That ring of gold,  
We took from the hand, ha! ha!  
Then we laid it bereft,  
In a sea-shell's cleft,  
And buried it deep in the sand, ha! ha!

---

### LEGEND OF BUTTERMILK FALLS.

---

'Twas years ago, when Genesee,  
And Livingston, and old Monroe,  
Knew nought of any sov'reignty,  
Save that of tomahawk and bow;  
When Caledonia, and Le Roy,  
And Geneseo—then Big Tree,  
Were play-ground for an Indian boy,  
(Or sev'ral, as the case might be;)  
When tangled growth, and forest oak,  
Grew where fine orchards since have smiled,

And wolf and catamount awoke  
The echoes of the gloomy wild;  
That from the borders of Champlain,  
One Isaac Schanck, a "well-do" man,  
Came westward with the hope of gain,  
And with him brought his daughter Ann.

Now Ann was of a specimen,  
Indigenous to old "Varmount;"  
Within her shoes stood "five-feet-ten,"  
And on her courage all might count.  
Though huge, like fair Diana moulded,  
With cheeks like winter apples dyed,  
Dark hair, like bands of satin folded,  
And step like Scottish chieftain's stride,  
Could wield with equal grace and sense,  
Pickaxe or pen, as case required,  
Could throw a heifer o'er the fence,  
Or spank an urchin if desired;  
Could whistle "Poll" and "Monie-Musk,"  
Sing son'rous bass; like "Turpin" ride,

Than all her swains more corn could husk,  
And dance a jig for them beside.

But sooth to say, Ann had no heart,  
For just twelve months unto a day,  
Before they westward made a start,  
She that appendage gave away.  
And it was on one winter's night,  
When in her father's kitchen sitting,  
The "tallow dip" a burning bright,  
And she had just put down her knitting—  
When all without was murky gloom,  
And angry gusts oft shook the door;  
When plainly from th' adjoining room,  
Was heard her father's lusty snore;  
When in the corner slept the cat,  
The embers on the hearth grown dull,  
And 'gan to cloy the cider that  
Ann plighted troth with Moses Tull.

'Tis now an old and trite remark,  
That "love will go just where 'tis sent,"

But you'd have sworn that in the dark,  
His bow Dan Cupid must have bent,  
(And took withal a devious aim)  
When from its string the arrow rose,  
Predestined to ignite a flame,  
Within the heart of Ann and Mose.

Of pigmy stature, Mr. Tull,  
With Ann compared but poorly : Why a  
King-fisher and an ocean-gull,  
Or better, David and Goliah,  
Had guaged as those two lovers did,  
So far as bone and muscle grace ;  
But then ! what then ? a gem lies hid  
Sometimes within a narrow space.

Though Mose could neither read nor write,  
And mathematics proved a riddle,  
He courted like a Spanish Knight,  
And played expertly on the fiddle.



For singing lays he was renown'd,  
    Beneath the windows of the fair,  
And was the only beau around  
    Who black'd his boots and curl'd his hair.  
Sincere regard for Ann had he,  
    And much of wholesome admiration ;  
And when one evening after tea,  
    Her father's plan of emigration  
She hesitatingly announced,  
    And said with tearful eyes, "dear Mose !"  
He from the wooden settee bounced,  
    And sturdily replied, "I goes !"

In these, our modern days of steam,  
    'Tis no great feat to emigrate—  
In floating palaces we dream,  
    While num'rous servants on us wait ;  
Or sitting on a cushion'd seat,  
    We either eat, or doze, or read,  
As village, town, and city street  
    Go gliding by with light'ning speed.

But in the days of which I write,  
'Twas quite a different affair,  
And thought of morning, noon and night,  
For many days with fev'rish care.

Although the forest trees were green,  
And Ann's front yard with bloom look'd smart,  
When last near old Champlain was seen  
The farmer's stout, white cover'd cart,  
His oxen's hoofs were oft at fault,  
In consequence of snowy balls,  
Ere they at last came to a halt,  
A little way above the "Falls !"

"The Falls of Buttermilk." Those kind  
And gentle readers, who've abstain'd  
From queries 'bout the name, will find  
Its etymology explained,  
Ere I have done ! I own the name  
Is neither classical nor grand ;

But rougher ones are known to fame,  
Within the German's father-land.

"The Falls of Buttermilk,"——each one  
That seeks for them on maps will fail  
To find them down; but there was spun  
The tragic tissue of this tale.  
The winding Oise for many miles  
Glides peacefully upon its way,  
Now calm and still where no sun smiles,  
Now rippling as with laughter gay,  
Until at last it dashes o'er,  
Of native masonry, a wall,  
And down some sixty feet or more  
Its seeming angry waters fall.  
But during August's heat and calm,  
The waves sometimes suspend their flow,  
And tiny blossoms then spring from  
The rocky crevices below;  
And often in the heat of day  
I've sat upon the cool, stone bed,

While girlish friends above in play  
Dropp'd pebbles down upon my head.

But to return to farmer Scanck,  
Whom left we some few stanzas back,  
The snow around each dull ox's shank,  
And filling up the wagon track.  
He, with the help of Mose and Ann,  
Soon built him a substantial home,  
When breathed there ne'er a prouder man  
Than he, beneath a palace dome ;  
Prosperity soon smiled upon  
His efforts, and the pioneer,  
Before two years had come and gone,  
Of future want felt little fear.

Though more of ornament than use,  
Was Mose, he could not well dispense  
With him ; and Ann had some excuse  
E'er ready for his negligence ;

But still "unspliced" were they, for Scanck  
Refused to let his daughter wed  
Until he ceil'd his hut with plank,  
And with rare cheer his board could spread.  
But they were both content ; and love  
Thrived well between those lowly walls,  
As Ann's fond fancies rose above  
The booming echoes of the falls.

But ah ! the snake to Eden went,  
And there beguiled our mother, Eve,  
And her descendants since seem bent  
On learning deftly to deceive.  
The home that was so happy erst,  
Became the scene of discord vile,  
While rage and jealousy accurs'd,  
Soon banish'd sweet contentment's smile.  
In an astounding book I one  
Day read a sketch more fierce than knowing,  
In which 'twas proved all mischief done  
On earth was to the women owing.

Be that as't may, I'm bound to state  
That that young person who, between  
Ann and her lover did create  
A difference, was never seen  
By those of high or low degree  
To sport a Macintosh or hat,  
And e'en the little throat was free  
From either stock or silk cravat.

As Ann was on the front stoop churning  
One morning in the early summer,  
She heard a metal tramp, and turning,  
Saw pass her door the braw "new-comer."  
Bereft of father and of mother,  
From far beyond the Chesapeake,  
The said "new-comer" with her brother,  
Came westward a new home to seek.  
Oft briskly by Ann's door she'd trot,  
Close follow'd by her good dog "Dasher,"  
While day by day Mose thought her what  
In "Billingsgate" is termed a "Slasher."

How she and Mose became acquaint  
I cannot even now suspect,  
But it is said Ann made complaint  
To her small lover of neglect  
Within a short time after she  
First saw the "Slasher" by her prance,  
With loosely flowing "toggerly,"  
And waving curl and sparkling glance.  
To Ann's reproach Mose would not bow,  
But in defence exclaimed, "I'd thank  
You not to scold! You know as how  
That I alone love you Ann Scanck!"  
But Ann was far from satisfied:  
He did not love her as of yore,  
When sat he evenings by her side,  
Or play'd the fiddle by the door.

One evening, after Ann on foot  
Had toil'd throughout the summer day,  
She on a clean check'd apron put,  
And took towards the falls her way.

Her heart was "sair" and fill'd with ruth,  
As mused she on the "now and then,"  
And felt that there was little truth,  
In protestations made by men.  
To singing bird and sighing breeze  
She paid but little, little heed,  
Tracing the path between the trees,  
Oblivious of flower and weed,  
And stood she soon beside the "Fall,"  
Though summer's heat had quench'd its spray,  
Save where, through fissures in the wall,  
A few drops trickled from half way.

But list ! what murmuring is that  
She hears ? Her heart its beating stops—  
'Tis not the whirring wing of bat,  
Nor tinkling of the water-drops—  
A hasty glance below she cast,  
And there beneath her very nose,  
With little hand in his held fast,  
Sat "Slasher" and the truant Mose.



She started back in deep amaze,  
As consternation shook her soul ;  
Her heart seem'd scorch'd with jealous blaze,  
While wrath o'er reason held control.  
And back, back home again she sped,  
(Dire force no faster might impel,)  
And as the mast shook 'neath her tread,  
Her eyes flash'd glances fierce and fell.  
Up to the churn she quickly stepp'd,  
(Left standing on the stoop, that ilk  
One, if inclined, before he slept,  
Might help himself to buttermilk,)  
And raised it as if fill'd with yeast,  
(Although she had but churn'd that day,  
And the huge thing contain'd at least  
Full twenty gallons of the whey,)  
Then with it quickly onward fled  
To where the lovers whispered still,  
And down on each devoted head  
Did she the snowy liquid spill.  
I know not if 'twas fear or hurt ;  
But when Mose sprang upon his feet,

And shook himself with angry flirt,  
The little Slasher kept her seat.  
He spake to her—but no reply,  
Then stooping down, he raised her head ;  
A vacant look was in her eye,  
And still her heart, for she was—dead.

Beneath an oak they made her grave,  
The first upon that virgin soil,  
That sturdy boughs might o'er it wave,  
And wood-bines wild about it coil.  
Then Mose began to pine away,  
And when his eye could grow no dimmer,  
They brought him to the oak one day,  
And laid him down beside the kimmer.  
The while, fair Ann had disappeared,  
And not a soul knew how nor where :  
I do not think her sire e'er spered,  
And there was no one else to care.  
But Rumor intimated that  
A being of Ann's size and shape,

Within a painted wigwam sat,  
A bride of the Leni Lenape ;  
That she, against all Indian law,  
Persisted in their "Councils" sharing,  
And e'en fierce warriors kept in awe  
By reckless feats of strength and daring.  
'Tis certain that she ne'er returned,  
To those dire scenes of love and blame,  
And when the hut soon after burn'd,  
The farmer perish'd in its flame.  
Since then long years away have glided,  
And e'en tradition fails to trace  
The spot exact where Scanck resided,  
Or any token of the place.  
And oft I've roam'd the woods around,  
Have stood where ev'ry oak tree waves,  
But strange to say, have never found  
Those two unlucky suitor's graves.  
But those who view the "Falls" may see,  
On any sunny summer's day,  
Two phantoms sitting silently,  
Astride the rain-bow of the spray.

## L O V E .



Ah ! what a glorious thing is love !  
It beautifies earth and heaven above,  
It smiles on the lips of little flowers,  
And weeps in the drops of April showers.  
Its voice is heard in the summer streams,  
Its presence felt in the moon's pale beams,  
And it colors life with lines all bright,  
Or robes the spirit in blackest night.

What is love ? Go ask woman's heart !  
The tears will quick to her eyelids start ;  
A flush will mantle both cheek and brow,  
But her voice will murmur clear and low,  
" The language of earth has not the power,  
To fitly speak of so fair a flower."  
She only knows 'tis what she feels,  
For the one to whom her spirit kneels—  
She beholds a form of nobler mould,  
Than could boast the sons of Athens old,

She hears a voice, and it has the power  
To gild the wings of the passing hour,  
Encounters a glance with feeling fraught,  
And pays it homage with every thought.  
A child of the heart—love's home is there  
Though often it wanders far elsewhere ;  
Yet sere as a fire-swept desert seems  
The lonely life where it lends no beams.

---

## MUMFORD.

---

I'd be content to spend my days  
Within my native ville,  
Nor from it turn with weary gaze,  
If there those friends were still,  
Who trod with me the flowery way,  
That led to woman's years—  
Who laughed with me when I was gay,  
And with me shed their tears.

I'd long to view no classic tide,  
Nor ancient forest green,  
But Oise should ever be my pride,  
Its groves my wild-wood scene.  
No far-famed ruins of the past,  
Should lure me thence away,  
While relics of the old "Inn" cast  
Their shadows to the day.

No lofty mount I'd wish to scale,  
With "Deacon's Hill" in sight;  
For that old spot did never fail  
To bring my heart delight.  
No sweeter grapes have ever grown,  
Than those by dark Oise's tide;  
Nor brighter flowers have never blown,  
Than on that old hill-side.

The well-remembered stone school-house,  
With walls of blackened gray,  
Was just the place for glad carouse  
When "Master" was away.

But stranger-youths in all old places  
Now sit there side by side,  
While all the dear, familiar faces,  
Are scattered far and wide.

Some lowly lie in yon church-yard,  
With naught to mark their rest;  
Some from me are by pride debarred,  
And some have gone far West.  
But early scenes and sympathies  
Form life's far dearest part—  
The antepast of paradise—  
The "Fezzan" of my heart.

---

### TO THE ROBIN.

---

Robin, with the brown-hued wing,  
Sing the song you used to sing,  
In the days when a laughing child,  
I went picking berries wild.

Robin, with the breast of red,  
Sing that song while here I shed  
Tears, that I shall never more,  
See those happy days of yore.

Robin, though I shed these tears,  
To the memory of past years,  
Think not that I'm always sad—  
That my heart is never glad.

Though to youth I've bade adieu,  
I'll remember I have you ;  
And when for those days I sigh,  
Sing, and tears will quickly dry.

Robin, with the breast of red  
(Blessings on thy little head !)  
Sing once more the wood-note wild,  
I so loved when but a child.



## P A R O D Y.

---

I've a poor lonely hearth and no bev'rage to cheer it,  
No rum, wine, nor ale, have I tasted for long,  
Oh! would that some kindly—some ministrant spirit,  
Might bear me a glass of the good mixture strong.  
Although my lips parch and my limbs are all trembling,  
They heed not, they see not, they care not, alas!  
The Templars in crowds in the streets are assembling,  
And hurrah for the Maine law! they shout as they  
pass.

Oh, shade Alcoholic, where now are the dram-shops,  
That furnished good liquor for friend and for foe?  
Alas! they have vanished, and cold on my heart, drops  
The knowledge that rum hath received a death-blow,  
Though bottles are broken and wine-casks are drying,  
They heed not, they see not, they care not, alas!  
E'en unthinking childhood's exultingly crying,  
“Hurrah for the Maine law,” as by me they pass.

Yet spirit, vile spirit, thou mad'st me to squander  
A fortune once ample in riot and strife  
For thee do I now, a poor lonely wretch wander,  
For thee I have sacrificed children and wife.  
'Neath clods of the valley they've long, long been  
sleeping,  
No tie upon earth has my poor heart—alas!  
But maidens and wives are the jubilee keeping,  
And blessing the Maine law, as by me they pass.

---

### R U T H .

---

There is mourning by the hearth-side,  
There is mourning deep and wild,  
For a mother there is grieving  
O'er her first—her darling child.  
Twilight brings the band together,  
But the ewe-lamb is not there,  
And the tearful eyes are resting  
Sadly on her vacant chair.

They have laid her, lowly laid her,  
Where the Onondaga wends,  
And the hymning of the waters,  
With the sob of mourner blends.  
When the sky is dark and sullen,  
Then I watch its solemn gauge,  
And it tells me why she left us,  
Plainer than could saint, or sage.

She has gone in all her beauty,  
She will bless our sight no more;  
And the trees with braided shadows,  
Her repose are waving o'er.  
Tearfully we plant the wild-rose  
In the mould upon her breast,  
But we know our gentle sister,  
With the Saviour finds a rest.

THE NAME.

---

What shall we call him, dear?  
Why, give him his father's name!  
Dear name! To my child the same  
I give without a fear.

A finer name you'd give?  
Oh friend, it to me has worth,  
Beyond all the names of earth,  
And 'twill have while I live.

Dear child, of sire more dear,  
My fond mother-heart with bliss  
O'erflows, when as thee I kiss,  
Thy father seems more near.

I bless my dear lord's name,  
And should he but say, "my wife  
Did honor me through her life,"  
His praise will be my fame.

My little son, my boy,  
Be like to thy sire,—wee thing,  
Would'st thou to thy mother bring  
A never-ceasing joy.

---

## THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

---

FAREWELL, my brother, thou art leaving,  
Perhaps fore'er, thy mountain cot,  
To seek alone and unattended,  
The chances of a soldier's lot.  
Though I am weeping, think not, brother,  
That I could wish to keep thee here,  
When war's loud note of preparation  
Resounds o'er hills and valleys, clear.

Though woman's nerves are weak and tender,  
Her heart at least is brave and true,  
And she resents her country's insults,  
As deeply as her brothers do.

Ah, how the hot blood like a torrent  
Doth course along her every vein,  
When tries, some dastard-hearted traitor,  
To bring upon our flag a stain.

We two are now the only branches  
Remaining of the parent-tree,  
And I shall be alone and lonely,  
When thou art gone, far hence, from me.  
But still, I yield thee to my country—  
And yield thee, too, with fondest pride,  
Regretting only, that I may not  
Go forth to battle by thy side.

Right nobly formed art thou, as should be  
The scion of a noble stock,  
Thy epaulettes will more become thee,  
Than doth thy coarse-webbed farmer's smock.  
And long, it may be, in the furrow,  
Thy well-used plow will idly stand,  
But yonder silver-mounted sword-hilt,  
Is better fitted to thy hand.

Soon, soon again, my gallant brother,  
    May smiling peace our country cheer,  
And from the dreaded cannon's rattle,  
    Send safely back my mountaineer.  
Upon the tented field and bivouac,  
    Let not thy sister be forgot,  
For wearisome will pass the moments,  
    When thou art from the mountain cot.

---

## M A G G I E.

---

PLAY "Kinlock of Kinlock," Maggie—  
    The dearest song you know,  
And play it thine own way, Maggie—  
    With cadence sad and low.  
As oil calms the toss'd wave, Maggie,  
    It quiets ev'ry fear,  
And hence are my cares gone, Maggie,  
    When I its music hear.

Play "Kinlock of Kinlock," Maggie,  
While I a garland twine ;  
Though once t'was a charnel, Maggie,  
My heart is now a shrine.  
It steals o'er its chords oft, Maggie,  
E'en like a glad sun-beam,  
And I "dream a dream" too, Maggie,  
"That is not *all* a dream."

Play "Kinlock of Kinlock," Maggie,  
And I will think I hear,  
The voice of a spirit, Maggie,  
In numbers low and clear,  
'Tis sweetest at twilight, Maggie,  
When fervid heat of day,  
Gives place to the shadows, Maggie,  
That slant across the way.

Play "Kinlock of Kinlock," Maggie,  
When carping cares annoy,  
Sick fear, it will banish, Maggie,  
And dismal doubts destroy.



'T will bring me a vision, Maggie,  
Of pleasant dell and slope,  
When life was a gladness, Maggie,  
And its bright beacon, Hope.

---

### OUR VILLAGE.

---

ITS praises I will sing—shall I?  
It will not take me long,  
And those who do not like it, need  
Not listen to my song.  
It is a pleasant village, when  
The sun with gentle ray  
Peeps o'er the top of Guthrie's woods,  
To let us know 'tis day;  
When like a veteran soldier, he,  
With blank 'pickwickian' grin,  
Sends forth detachments of his beams  
To bring the dew-drops in ;

When nature looks up lovingly,  
As westward slow he moves,  
(E'en as a woman's heart, looks up  
To him she fondly loves ;)  
When with a hue, far, far more rare,  
Than that of poet's dream,  
The rosy flush of sunset tints  
Oise's dark but placid stream ;  
When willows bend above the wave,  
In richest colors dress'd,  
And leaps, the shining, speckled trout  
For food upon its breast.

Our ville is patriotic too,  
And "Independence day,"  
Beholds our citizens come forth  
In festival array ;  
You hear a martial spirit ring  
In ev'ry warlike shout,  
And know they only wait events,  
To bring their valor out.

They feel a manly throb within  
At name of "Bunker Hill,"  
And ever hold in reverence  
Their brave fore-fathers' skill,  
While thoughts that germ'd in those brave hearts,  
And bloom'd to noble deeds,  
They feel still live within their own,  
Though *rather choked by weeds*.  
They ne'er would pause—(although I think  
Would sigh at the expense,)  
To turn plow-shares and pruning hooks  
To weapons of defence,  
Should foreign foes come o'er the brine,  
To claim this land of ours,  
So prodigal in orchards fine,  
In harvest fields and flowers,  
But in the thickest of the fight,  
Would boldly take their stand,  
While their good wives turn out en masse,  
To cultivate the land :  
And I am sure the spirit staunch  
Of "Seventy-six " they taste,

Who come here on the "Fourth," to see  
How we gunpowder waste ;  
For though no speeches do we have,  
In either groves or halls,  
The "Great unwash'd," come thronging round,  
To throw the flaming balls,  
While brimless hatted urchins think  
It would be "jolly fun,"  
To have a war with England "just  
To see the Johnnies run."

And fashion here triumphant is,  
A monarch absolute ;  
For if not made in newest style  
Nobody's clothes will suit.  
Young men are not young men, until  
They look like Alpine goats,  
While little boys, six years of age,  
Are sporting long-tail'd coats :  
Girls infantine in groups are seen,  
With feet both bare and dirty.

Encased in hoops, quite big enough,  
For any Miss of thirty.

And now my song is almost o'er,  
I've 'bout used up my quill,  
But think I have immortalized  
My dear, my native ville:  
And though mayhap, I've sung its praise,  
In numbers pretty tall,  
That I have not burlesqued the place,  
I would impress you all.  
Its ev'ry nook is dear to me—  
Its valleys, hills and streams,  
For 'mong them long, long years ago,  
I dream'd my early dreams.  
Since time has taught the lesson well,  
That bliss is incomplete,  
That we must calmly learn to take  
The bitter with the sweet,  
But, did no dark, and angry clouds  
Upon our pathway rise,

We could not half appreciate  
The blue and sunny skies.  
And did no blossoms blighted lie,  
In cold, and wintry tomb,  
Unnoticed and unheeded quite,  
Would be the summer's bloom.

---

### THE SIN-BLIGHTED.

---

BEHOLD the maid, ere sin had left  
Its impress on her brow—  
A rose of ev'ry thorn bereft,  
The fairest of the bough.  
And life was e'er a joy to her—  
A smoothly running stream,  
Till sin and sorrow came to stir,  
The quiet of its dream.

Its sweet romance but just begun,  
The past, the present, gay,

She deem'd the future would be one  
Long, gladsome holiday ;  
And Satan ne'er spun subtler web,  
To snare his victims in,  
Than was the fair false one that led,  
That guileless heart to sin.

The tempter came, the pure one fell ;  
Where now her future bright ?  
The glad in heart can never tell  
How dark is misery's night.  
Deep are the furrows now where tears  
Adown her cheeks have roll'd ;  
Alas ! that one so young in years  
In sorrow should be old.

## MOTHER'S WILD BOY.

---

FAR, far from Le Roy,  
From his home and friends dear,  
Ere Recruiter had come  
With his bugle-note clear,  
And the beating of drum,  
With the flag's starry float,  
And the gay dancing feather,  
With the gilt-bordered coat,  
And the knap-sack of leather,  
Went mother's wild boy.

No more he'll annoy,  
With the bold, boyish way,  
And the venturesome feat;  
For 'tis many a day  
Since his heart ceased to beat.  
And no more him we'll spoil;  
For afar, with the brave,  
'Neath Virginia's proud soil,



In a lone soldier-grave,  
Sleeps mother's wild boy.

---

THE UNLOVED CHILD'S REQUEST.

---

OH, mother, let me lie up there,  
Where little brother lies ;  
I'll fold my hands together, so,  
And softly close my eyes.  
Then mother gently lift him down,  
And let him run about ;  
'Twill bring your old smile back again,  
To hear his gleesome shout.

You've cut the tresses from his brow,  
Which clustered there so late ;  
He has such golden hair you know,  
While mine is dark and straight.  
Why do you cry so, mother, dear,  
And sobbing, hold your breath ?

Good Bessie says our Charlie's dead—

I wonder what is death ?

She says he's gone, dear mother, where

Grief never can come near ;

You always loved him, mother, and

He never cried much here.

Why does he lie so still up there,

And never speak to you ?

I do not like the robe he wears,

Although 'tis white and new.

I'll bring his cap with sable plume,

The coat he loves to wear,

And while you take him out to walk,

I'll quickly climb up there—

And fold my hands together, so,

And softly close my eyes,

And when I open them again,

I'll be beyond the skies.

Then God will call dear Charlie's name,

And look around to see ;

But I will tell him, mother dear,  
That it is "only me ;"  
And that you could not—could not spare,  
Your only, darling boy—  
That he is all you have on earth,  
To bring you future joy.

Although he'll see how plain I am—  
How black and straight my hair ;  
And sure he would much rather have  
Our little Charlie there,  
Yet, will I tell him, mother dear,  
You never did love me,  
But that my brother's golden curls,  
Are all the world to thee.

---

### RESPICE FINEM.

---

TELL not of battle-fields and camps,  
Nor of the fame that comes,

With cannon-roar and bugle-blast,  
And stirring beat of drums—  
Tell not of banners waving o'er  
The high heroic deed,  
Of polished sword and bayonet,  
And mettled, prancing steed.

Fame fascinates and nerves the heart,  
To dare the battle's brunt,  
And gorgeous trappings war assumes,  
To hide its ghastly front.  
Has death less dread when blossom-crowned,  
Can gilt and satin fold  
Keep noisome worm from narrow bourne,  
And feast of coffin mould?

I think of young men good and brave,  
With pulses beating high,  
Who leave their friends and love-girt homes,  
On gory fields to die.  
'Bove trumpet-bray and bugle-clang,  
I hear the dying wail,

And in the stead of uniforms,  
I see shapes stark and pale.

Oh war ! thou wouldst thy horrors hide,  
Beneath a witching glamour ;  
Wouldst drown with music wild and sweet,  
All thy discordant clamor.  
But I can see on banner-folds,  
A death-head grim and gaunt,  
And blending with thy strains I hear  
A low and mournful chant.

---

### THE OLD BUTTERNUT TREE.

---

LONG, long ago, in summer hours,  
I sat beneath that tree,  
My goodly company, the flowers,  
And droning humble-bee.

Quite all around the dear old spot,  
Grew thistles rank and high,

With milk-weed and forget-me-not,  
And violets nodding nigh.

There many times the drowsy God  
My eye-lids closed in sleep :  
For couch I had the verdant sod,  
And birds a watch would keep.

Above my head from every bough,  
Some warbling note would trill ;  
The mavis and the pee-wee now,  
Anon, the whippoorwill.

Ah ! sad the day when grasping man  
Thy giant form laid low :  
Forget thy loss I never can,  
For 'twas a grievous woe.

The little land on which ye stood  
Exciting his desire,  
He cut thee down, and piled thy wood  
To feed his winter fire.

And now I scarcely know the place:

Where once together grew  
Bright butter-cups with yellow face,  
And violets meekly blue,

The farmer's thrifty crops are seen

On every side around,  
While not a thistle-top, I ween,  
Could any where be found.

And though I grieve o'er each plow-rut,

My mind it most disturbs,  
To miss that dear old butternut,  
With all its wealth of birds.

---

TO ARCHIE.

---

I LOVED thee well when but a boy,

I love thee now, a man,  
And I will strew thy earthly path  
With all the flowers I can.

Thy manhood never will belie  
The promise of thy youth,  
But thou wilt ever onward reach,  
In search of hidden truth.

I know thy deep inquiring mind,  
I know thy truthful heart,  
And mind and heart will ever choose  
The wise and better part.

Within our mother's heart and home,  
Thou wert a sun-beam fair ;  
And when the wide world claimed thee,  
A darkness settled there.

Thy dear, dear smile alone can lift  
The shadow from the hearth,  
And fill the hearts that love thee well  
Again with joy and mirth.

Oh, may it ne'er be thine to choose  
Ambition's thorny way,



For we must ever see entwined  
The cypress with the bay.

---

## VIOLETS.

---

SHE gave me violets in the morn—  
These tufted violets wild ;  
And look they young, and glad, and free,  
As when I, too, was a child.  
In meadow-fields they grew to life,  
Were gently nursed by the shower,  
And tears, the spirit of the night  
Has left on each little flower.

They 'mind me of the old brown house,  
The house that stands by the river ;  
And while in their blue "een" I gaze,  
I'm thanking oft the wee giver.

A rude, rude home, was that brown house,  
But still 'tis dear unto me,  
And mem'ry oft goes back to rest—  
Beside the dark Genesee.

I seem to see in summer breeze  
The poplars quietly shiver,  
And hear the song of katy-dids  
'Mong willows down by the river;  
To see the shadows softly play,  
The lonely bat by me flitting,  
And hear the creak of mother's chair  
As sits she silently knitting.

---

### THE DIVORCED.

---

ON his heart another's sleeping—  
Is it strange my eyes grow dim?  
While I lonely watch am keeping,  
She is nestling close to him.

Gently, gently she is lying

In my place—aye, there's the smart—  
My place—mine! Oh, tears, be drying,  
Since ye cannot ease my heart.

Tenderly his arms entwine her,

Lovingly he speaks her name,  
While an ecstasy diviner

Than a poet's thrills her frame.

Lightly, lightly he is pressing

Kisses on lips, brow, and eyes,  
While I sit here wondering, guessing,  
Till the stars fade from the skies.

Can it be that I am wrestling

'Neath the moonlight wan and dim,  
While another's fondly nestling  
In my place so close to him?

I could bear it were we parted

By some accident of life,  
But it makes me broken-hearted

When he proudly speaks "my wife."

God ! how deep the curse of woman  
When she learns to love too well ;  
Ev'ry feeling that is human  
Joins to make her life a hell.  
Better far for her to perish  
By the vilest fang that rends,  
Than to live a love to cherish,  
Till it with her being blends.

---

A N N A .

---

How often, dear Anna, I've wandered with thee  
When school-hours were o'er to that old elm tree,  
Whose wide-spreading branches afforded retreat  
To many a warbler of note wild and sweet ;  
Where Oise's sparkling wavelets appeared to rejoice,  
As onward they glided with low murm'ring voice.  
Oh dearly-loved stream ! when all others take wing,  
Fond memories of thee will around my heart cling.

How gaily we danced on the carpet of green,  
And snatch'd at the blossoms where'er they were seen.  
With hats thrown aside, we would grape-trees ascend  
To gather the fruit for some favorite friend,  
While oft with flush'd faces and aprons much torn  
We hied to the elm to *conveniently* mourn,  
And expertly devise how we best could evade  
The penance for rending a ruffle or braid.

Remember how oft in those frolicsome hours  
We pilfer'd the rods from those brothers of ours ;  
Elate with success we ne'er stopped to rejoice,  
Till seated at ease on the margin of Oise,  
With pieces of wood then we baited the hook,  
Suspended a moment the rod o'er the brook,  
And then with vast energy drew up the line,  
But lo ! nought was there but the bark and the twine.

Ah ! often I think of the last time we roved  
O'er every old spot that in childhood we loved ;

The wild winds of autumn went mournfully by,  
And Oise as it murmur'd seem'd heaving a sigh,  
As if in regret that friends truthful in heart  
Should ever be called in this bleak world to part.  
Glad, glad is the thought, that when this life is o'er,  
We meet in a land to be parted no more.

And dear, winding Oise, should it e'er be my lot  
To wander from thee and my own native cot,  
I ne'er will forget the one friend that with me  
So often has sat 'neath the old elm tree.  
Each grove and each green mossy islet endears  
To me my companion of earlier years,  
And may the wild rose deck thy banks never more,  
When for my lost Anna I cease to deplore.

O I S E .

---

I WOULD rove on thy banks, dear Oise,  
And list to thy murmuring song,  
For 'tis long since my steps have roved,  
Thy groves and thy bowers among.  
In the shade the blue grape now thrives,  
Unheeded, uncared for by me,  
And the rude rustic seat is vacant,  
'Neath the shade of the old elm tree.

I would gaze in thy depths, dear Oise,  
And dream o'er the days of "lang syne,"  
'Till I fancied old faces smiling,  
Where sigh-weed and river-moss twine.  
Many friends thee have left, dear Oise,  
Thy Bard is afar o'er the sea,  
But oft light on the south breeze lingers,  
The sigh he has breathed out to thee.

I would haunt thy fair groves, dear Oise,  
So dear is thy low dreamy song,

Until gone were the griefs and woes,  
That around my life's pathway throng.  
I would sleep by thy side, dear Oise,  
When "life's fitful fever" is o'er,  
Where the aster and blue-bell bloom—  
I e'er would repose on thy shore.

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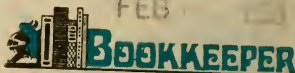
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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: FEB 1980



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